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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

### Courage.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Courage!—Nothing can withstand  
Long a wronged, undaunted land!  
If the hearts within her be  
True unto themselves and thee,  
Thou free giant, Liberty!  
Oh! no mountain-nymph art thou,  
When the helm is in thy brow,  
And the sword is on thy hand,  
Fighting for thy own good land!

Courage!—Nothing e'er withstood  
Freemen fighting for their good;  
Armed with all their father's fame,  
They will win and wear a name  
That shall go to endless glory,  
Like the goods of old Greek story,  
Raised to heaven and heavenly worth,  
For the good they gave to earth.

Courage!—There is none so poor.  
(None of all who wrong endure.)  
None so humble, none so weak,  
But may flush his father's cheek;  
And his maidens dear and true,  
With the deeds that he may do  
Be his days as dark as night,  
He may make himself a light.  
What! though sunken be the sun,  
There are stars when day is done!

Courage!—Who will be a slave,  
That hath strength to dig a grave,  
And therein his fetters hide,  
And lay a tyrant by his side?  
Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly  
For a time, can never die!  
Courage, therefore, brother men!  
Cry "God!" and to the fight again!

A man that now a day will write  
And not prepay his letter  
Is meaner than the heathen's arc;  
Who don't know any better.

And if you'd take a fine tooth comb  
And comb down all creation  
You couldn't find a meaner man  
In this here mighty nation.

### SMALL.

A down-cast man—so legends said—  
Offered a single cent,  
If his young babes would go to bed  
Nightly, without their daily bread!  
Poor little things, they went.

But, Ah! my story's not complete,  
For while the children lay  
All wrapped in innocence and sleep,  
That father oft was known to creep  
And steal that cent away.

### Marriage Scene in India.

Bayard Taylor writes from Bombay as follows:

"Last night, on my way home from the Botanic Garden, I met a magnificent marriage procession in the streets of the native town. First came a very large number of beautiful children, in open carriages, the pearls and spangles on their dress glittering in the light of torches, which were borne upon long poles and waved in riotous jubilee to sounds of music. Behind them were boys in jeweled robes, on horse-back, with servants holding golden fringed umbrellas over their heads. The music—a piercing medley of fifes, drums, and flutes—came next, and then the bridegroom, mounted on a white horse. He was a man of about twenty, clad in splendid robes of white silk, all embroidered with gold. His turban gleamed with pearls and his cheeks and forehead were covered with gold leaf. He was a living El Dorado, but sat so grave and motionless on his horse, looking straight before him, that he might have been taken for a bedizened statue. A servant holding a silver screen, resembling a fan, walked on each side of him, and behind him came the dowry borne on men's heads. It was contained in twenty or thirty houses, arranged so as to form a quadrangle with a temple in the centre of all."

A man recently poked his head out from 'behind the times,' when it was taken off by a 'passing event.'

A man attempted to seize a 'favorable opportunity,' a few days since; but his hold slipped, and he fell to the ground considerably injured.

The man who was 'struck with astonishment' without resisting it, has been sent as a delegate to the next Peace convention.

## Border Scenes on the Susquehanna.

My readers have doubtless noticed in the Advertiser, some years since, a narrative of the remarkable escape of John Harris from being burnt alive by the Indians, on the spot where Harrisburg, the seat of government of Pennsylvania, has been since built. That publication has been the means of bringing to light several interesting incidents connected with Harris and his wife, one of those pioneer mothers in whom the dangers and exigencies of frontier life, develop the highest degree of daring, compatible with exercise of that sound judgment which is of yet greater importance in that sphere of existence.

Harris, as had been stated in the narrative referred to, was a trader among two or three savage tribes, whose headquarters seem to have extended along the west branch of the Susquehanna, even in this day of improvement embracing some of the wildest mountain and river scenery in the United States. The wolf and the fox still dispute possession of extensive tracts in this region with the settler, and even the panther and the bear are occasionally tracked to, and shot in their retreats, by the hardy mountaineers, who vary the toils of husbandry with relaxations—as they deem it—of the chase, rendered here, by the character of the country, the most arduous species of it in the world. One of these tribes, believed to be the Muncies, an off-shoot of the Delawares, had built their wigwags and settled their families, at the junction of the west and north branches of the Susquehanna, on the site of the present village of Northumberland. The towns of the others receded farther into the wilds along the west branch.

It will be recollected that a chain of posts was established during the provincial government of Pennsylvania, probably in 1756, by Gov. Forbes, extending from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg. One of these was where Harris resided, who occupied a trading house, and had rendered himself acceptable to the Indians, who found it a great convenience to trade their peltries for powder, lead, and such other things as they needed, in their own neighborhood. Here he had brought a plow, the first ever seen on the banks of the Susquehanna, with other implements of husbandry, and made a little clearing sufficient for a kitchen garden, and here was born John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, believed to be the only individual ever existing, that laid out a town at his birth place, and who, as the first child of white parents, received from that circumstance, a grant of four hundred acres of land, offered as a premium by the proprietors, for the settlement west of the then frontier parts of Eastern Pennsylvania—Berks and Lancaster counties.

After Braddock's defeat, one of the British officers, on his way to Philadelphia, called at Harris' station, for the purpose of staying all night. Through the neglect of the person whose duty it was to attend to closing the port holes at sundown, they had been on that day left open. The officer was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Harris, with his back to the port-holes, and she facing them. In this position, and looking over his shoulder, she heard the click and saw the flash of a rifle. Without any exclamation of surprise, or saying anything to interrupt his discourse, she leaned to one side where the candle stood, and blew it out. The next day the officer fell in with an old Indian chief and his attendant, who acknowledged to him that he had aimed at his life, but the weather being drizzling, his powder had got wet and the piece hung fire; and he was unwilling to repeat his fire after the candle was extinguished, for fear of injuring Mrs. Harris.

At a somewhat later date, when Pennsylvanians had extended themselves west of the Donegal settlement, in Lancaster county, and had formed a settlement on Paxton Creek, the Indians began to entertain great apprehensions of being finally expelled from the country, and converted measures, with their usual secrecy, for the extermination of the whites. Having ascertained that they collected once a week for religious worship, they made their arrangements to attack Paxton meeting house, and cut off all the inhabitants at a single blow. They rendezvoused in considerable numbers at a spot west of the Blue Mountains, and poured in on the settlement through *Mondo Gap*, about fourteen miles from the Susquehanna, with such celerity and secrecy as to station themselves in the thicket around the meeting house, without the least suspicion having been formed by the settlers of any sinister designs. They had, however, missed one day in their reckoning, and taken Saturday in place of the Sabbath, for their ambush.

As the usual hour passed without any of the whites making their appearance, the Indians began to suspect that they had in some way or other been put on their guard, and fearing injury to themselves, they broke up and made their way home without loss of time, and as quickly and secretly as they had found their way into the settlement. The next day the number and character of the tracks around, revealed to the settlers the threatened danger, as well as the hostile intentions, generally, of their savage neighbors. A council was held on the spot, and it was

determined to dispatch Harris, with some forty others, well armed, to visit the Indian villages, and ascertain, if possible, their purposes.

The company set out next day, and on reaching the town on the opposite bank of the Susquehanna, found a war party assembled in council, painted and arrayed with war clubs. This, of course, left no doubt of their hostile designs, but in the face of these signals, the Indians disclaimed any unfriendly feelings towards their white neighbors, and asserted their pacific intentions, the design being, if possible, to put them off their guard. The party of the whites reposed no confidence in these protestations, but prepared for their return, their route being well known to the Indians. They had to cross the river some distance below, at the mouth of a little creek, where Selin's Grove is now built. Harris had withdrawn for a short distance from the camp, and was returning to it, when he met an old Indian whom he recognized as an individual that had once been indebted to him for his life. The savage, without halting or turning his head, or even glancing at Harris, for he was aware, on account of his friendly feeling to that individual, that he was narrowly watched, passed him, and in a hurried manner, said, 'John Harris, don't you cross the river.'

After starting for home, Harris mentioned to his company this warning, as he understood it to be, of a meditated ambush on the other side, and suggested the propriety of going down on the west side of the Susquehanna. The party, generally, judged it rather a decoy, to induce them to rush into the danger, which they supposed was actually on that side. Harris then explained to his friends the relation in which he stood to the Indian, avowing his conviction that he was sincere, and appealing to the party whether they were not convinced that they owed their thorough preparation for battle, that they had been permitted to leave the Indian camp, instead of following the friendly advice. The party, however, were obstinate, and rather than separate from them, Harris, against his better judgment, accompanied them on their route.

Scarcely had the first boat in which they crossed, touched the opposite shore, when a destructive fire opened on them from the bushes which lined the bank. Harris was the only one of the party that escaped to tell the tale, the residue being either shot down in the boats or overtaken at a disadvantage. He swam the river across three times to baffle the pursuit made in his chase.

Harris generally rode a horse which was well known to the Indians. On another occasion, while the whites and Indians were on unfriendly terms, he had been with a party of the settlers, hunting on the west side of the river, who had imprudently, by some circumstance, become separated from their rifles. The Indians attacked the party, after detaching a few warriors to intercept their retreat by a narrow defile. The bank of the Susquehanna is very precipitous in that region, and this afforded the only opening to the ford opposite the settlement. Harris was as usual mounted, and making his way down to the pass, when he found himself confronted by an old chief, well known to him as *Indian John* who stood in the path-way with his rifle raised to shoot. He was compelled to risk the shot. Leaping instantly to the ground he ungritthed the saddle, held it by the girths twisted over his arm, and vaulting on his horse's back, stooped forward, raised the saddle, and holding it in front, so as to form a shield, he rushed at his enemy at the top of his speed. The Indian sprang to one side, disconcerted by the sudden movement, and fearful of missing, reserved his fire. As soon as Harris passed the foe, he swung the saddle over his head, so as to form a protection for his rear, and pursued his way to the river. The Indian fired, his ball taking effect on the saddle, the rider and horse escaping unharmed.

One of the party, whose horse had been shot down (a little Dutch Doctor), had reached the edge of the river, and when Harris overtook him there, begged with such earnestness, that he would take him on behind him, that Harris could not resist his entreaties, although fearful of encumbering his progress thro' the water with the added weight. He was accordingly taken on behind, but they had hardly got fifty yards into the stream, when a ball struck the doctor killing him instantly. The Indians were at the horse's heels and the humanity of Harris, in place of endangering his escape, had proved the means of saving his life.

A short time before the massacre at Paxton, Harris' house had been made a depository of powder, to protect it from falling into the enemy's hands in case they should penetrate into the Lancaster settlements. It was stored in the garret of the building, one barrel having been unheeded and left open for retail purposes. His negro Hercules, already alluded to, had been sent up to get some grain from the loft, and, having occasion to set the candle down, stuck it into the open powder, which he took to be flaxseed. Fearing an accident, Mrs. Harris followed, and comprehended the danger at a glance. Reproving him simply for staying so long, she took the candle between her open fingers, and slowly withdrawing it, pointed out to him the danger he had escaped. Such was his alarm at the suggestion,

that he ran to the stairs, and in his agitation, made but one step to their foot.

During the dark hours of the revolutionary struggle, when public credit was at the lowest ebb, and Congress had appealed to the public spirit of the American people for aid in contributions of money, provisions and clothing, Mrs. Harris left Harrisburg at daylight, with one hundred guineas, all the money her husband had on hand at the time, and changing horses at Lancaster, thirty-five miles on the route; rode in that evening to Philadelphia, being one hundred miles in one day, and paid the money with her own hands over to the committee appointed by Congress to receive it. Such was the patriotism of that period.

### Tea and Coffee Trade.

The London Economist gives the following data with reference to the consumptions of tea and coffee in the United States and England:

The consumption of tea in the United States is said to have been, in the year 1852, 25,587,088 lbs.; in England it was, according to our trade tables, 54,724,615 lbs.; so that we consume nearly double as much tea in proportion to our numbers as the people of the United States. In 1852, however, they consumed 180,531,489 lbs. of coffee, while we only consumed 35,044,376 lbs.; so that, having regard to the population, they consume six times more coffee than we consume. In ten years the consumption of tea in the States has increased from 12,788,969 lbs. in 1843, to 25,587,088 lbs. in 1852—or it has doubled; while in England the consumption has increased nearly one-third, or from 40,203,303 lbs. in 1843, to 54,724,615 lbs. in 1852. In the States the consumption of coffee has increased from 89,916,656 lbs. in 1843, to 180,531,489 lbs. in 1852—or it has more than doubled. In England the consumption of coffee has increased from 29,979,404 lbs. in 1851, to 35,044,376 lbs. in 1852—or one-sixth. The population of the State has increased from 18,155,561 to 24,500,000—or one-third. The consumption of both coffee and tea in the States has increased much faster than the people, from which we see that they, like the English, are advancing in wealth, comforts, and luxuries, as they increase in numbers.

### The Last Conundrum.

At a dinner party, a few days since, while champagne was circulating pretty freely, and jests were sparkling as sparkling wine, one modest young gentleman, who was engaged in the turkey department, suddenly proposed a conundrum:

"Why are the most of people who eat turkey, like babies?"

A great silence followed, accompanied with deep reflection. No one could answer, all seemed perplexed. The modest young gentleman blushed, and backed out of his own proposition, but an over-curious female relative detained him by the button of his coat, and he was compelled, at the entreaties of the party, to give the answer, which was:

"Because they are fond of the breast." Two middle-aged young ladies fainting, and the coroner was sent for immediately to hold an inquest over the remains of the young man, who was suddenly carried out.

### Sisterly Affection.

At a "protracted meeting" held whilom, not a thousand miles from Ballston Spa, an ancient sister in the church arose and relieved herself as follows:

"I see young ladies here that seem to love gew-gaws, furbels, ribbons and laces more than their Creator. I loved them once, and adorned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright colored ribbons, and sky blue trimmings, but I found they were dragging me down to hell, and I took them off and gave them to my sister!"

### Rappings.

"I say, Bill, did you ever see the tables move by the aid of spirits from the spirit world?"

"No, Sam, but I saw a stool move, and it came towards me with a perfect rush."

"Were you not a little frightened?"

"Yes, but I dodged it."

"Who made it move, Bill?"

"Why, my own sweetheart! she threw it at me because I made fun of the way she puts her hair up in paper."

"Oh, get out, Bill; you are ignorant of the science of knockers—I mean spiritual doings."

"Well, if you'd a been there, you'd thought there was both knocking and spirit in the movement."

A person looking over a catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order:—"Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it immediately wrote under:—"He has been tried and acquitted."

A boy whose general appearance betokened the want of a father's care being asked what his father followed for a living, replied, "He is a Methodist by trade, but he don't work at it any more."

John Doyle was attacked by apoplexy in Baltimore, on Monday, and his life only saved, by opening a jugular vein, and extracting eighty ounces of blood.

### Wonderful People.

A German Jurisprudent named Henry Kornman, published a book in the beginning of the 17th century, in which he details with becoming gravity some wonderful yarns.

In describing the wonders that are to be found in the South Sea, he tells us that Diodorus, the geographer, writes that 'there is an island in it where the inhabitants are four cubits taller than the inhabitants of Greece and Italy—their tongue is divided in two from the roots, so that they can keep up a conversation with one half of their tongue, and with another, with the other at the same time. Alluding to the Molucca Islands, he assures us, with inimitable simplicity, that, in the Island of Ceylon, which is one of them, there is a nation with ears so large that they hang down to their shoulders, and that on another island close by it, there is a nation with ears still longer.—The inhabitants of it are accustomed when they go to sleep, to lay down on one ear and to cover themselves up with the other.' This story, he informs us, is to be found in that celebrated author Maximilianus Transylvanus, of whose celebrity, however we are at this time of day unfortunately ignorant. A Knight of the name of Pigafetta pledges his credit for the truth of it, as any of our readers may see, who choose to refer to his History of the East Indies. To match this people, who made coverlets of their ears, the worthy German informs us that there are a people in India who make a parasol of their foot. This story rests on the authority of Solinus, who, in his 53d chapter, enlightens the world by telling it, that there is a nation of one eyed people in India, who, though they have but one leg, are endowed with singular fleetness. When they want to protect themselves from the heat, they throw themselves on their back, and recline under the shade of their foot, which is immensely large.

### A Big Snake.

We understand that while Mr. Whip, a farmer in the Bedford Valley, not far from Cumberland, was mowing his meadows a few days since, he discovered the track of some enormous reptile, and, upon following it up, came to the skin that had been shed by a snake, which, upon measurement, proved to be twenty one feet six inches long. This may seem to be a most marvellous snake story, but there are several persons in this place, not remarkable for credulity, who fully believe it. It was told us as a fact, and we tell it as such.

A FACT TO REMEMBER.—In the course of an inquest in London, a Mr. Wakely observed that it would be well to acquaint the public with the fact, that if persons in a house on fire had the presence of mind to apply a damp cloth or handkerchief to their mouth and nostrils they could effect a passage through the densest smoke; but the surest mode would be to envelop the head and face completely in the damp cloth.

Fubbs while recently engaged in splitting wood, struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw and knocked out a front tooth. 'Ah,' said Bill (meeting him soon after), 'you have had a dental operation performed, I see.' 'Yes,' replied the sufferer, 'axidental!' And by such a pun be avenged himself upon fate.

A lady, passing along the streets of a northern city, noticed a little boy who was scattering salt on the side walks for the purpose of clearing the ice which was very slippery. Well, I'm sure, said the lady, 'this is real benevolence.' 'No, it ain't, ma'am,' replied the boy, 'it's salt!'

'Seen the Crystal Palace, Tommy?'

asked a little urchin of a newsboy.

'Oh yes, I've been up there several different times,' replied another newsboy as they both stood in Nassau street, waiting for the *Extras* to come out.

'Wall, I knows a man that would give \$500 to see that are place.'

'You do, Jim?'

'Yes, sir-ee.'

'And you know it, Jim?'

'Yes.'

'Bet a quarter on't you don't.'

'Done,' and the money was put in Bill Mulligan's hands.

'Now, who is he?'

'Why he's a blind man.'

On the trial of a person in Boston for violating the Liquor law, a witness, who was put upon the stand to impeach another, swore that "the character of the witness for the State might be good enough for common affairs, but on a fox hunt, he was the all-firedest liar he ever did see!"

The London Times says:—"In fifty years Ireland will be Protestant to a man.—Both the Roman Catholics of Ireland and the race identified with that faith, are all leaving Ireland. Ere long there will be none left. At the present rate of emigration which cannot be less than 200,000, chiefly Roman Catholics, in a year our children will see the time when the Celts will be as obsolete in Ireland as the Phenicians in Cornwall."

### Ice for Cholera Morbus.

A medical gentleman of New York has published in the *Tribune* the following method of treating cholera morbus.—It seems to us to be worthy of attention and trial. A remedy so simple, for such a serious and often fatal complaint, would be of inestimable value:—

'Sir:—Guided more by my personal experience, as an annual victim of that very common though very worrying and prostrating malady, *Cholera Morbus*, the season which is now upon us, rather than any observation of it, of late years, during which I have had but little to do with general practice, I have come to the conclusion that the remedy for it is *Ice*. Not 'ice water,' nor even ice taken into the mouth to melt and find its way into the stomach as water, but crushed ice swallowed, or Ice Pills, if you please.

'The primary seat of this disease is the stomach. There the intense thirst and disagreeable bitterness, characteristic of cholera morbus, originate, although experienced in the mouth. There the ice should be applied, with the view to absorbing the morbid excess of caloric, or heat. Ice water, by its greater bulk distresses the stomach, while the ice itself, applied to the part affected—swallowed in small lumps, not suffered to trickle down—relieves it almost certainly.

'Persons taking these *Ice Pills*, as I have called them, to indicate that the secret of the remedy proposed lies in the form and mode of its administration rather than in the remedy itself, which is really nothing new, are sometimes alarmed at the "shock" experienced in the stomach. This is produced by the rapid loss of morbid heat, and is therefore nothing to be alarmed at, but is favorable, on the contrary. There need be no fear.—Let the ice be taken freely, and it will scarcely ever fail to give relief, without the aid of any other medicine whatever.

'I am aware that advice unasked is too usually, advice unthanked; but I felt that the above fact should be generally known and therefore I make no apology for taking up the brief space required for its statement.

'Very truly your friend,  
J. E. SPOONER, M. D.  
New York, June 24, 1853.

### Order from the Post-Office Department.

POST OFFICE Department, Aug. 5, 1853.

Pursuant to authority vested in the Postmaster General, and by and with the advice and consent of the President of the United States, (which advice and consent more fully appears by an instrument in writing this day filed in the Department,) and with a view to make better postal arrangements between the United States and Europe, particularly with the government of Bremen—

It is hereby ordered, That from and after the 15th of August, 1853, the postage on a single letter to Bremen, by the Bremen line, be reduced from 20 to ten cts., which rate is to be charged; also, on letters to and from Bremen, for all States beyond Bremen, whose postage to Bremen shall not exceed five cents, the single rate. On letters for States beyond Bremen, whose postage to and from Bremen is over five cents, the single rate between the United States and Bremen shall be fifteen instead of ten cts.—the postage beyond, whatever it may be, to be added to the said rate of fifteen cents.

On all pamphlets and magazines mailed within the United States for, or received from, any foreign country, (except Great Britain, the British North American Provinces, and the west coast of South America,) the postage shall be at the rate of one cent an ounce or fraction of an ounce, instead of two cents, as established by the order of the 25th May last. And whenever the British government shall reduce their postage on works of this kind, from the present rate of four cents to one cent an ounce, the same reduction may be made in the U. States postage to and from Great Britain.  
(Signed) JAMES CAMPBELL,  
Postmaster General.

To Destroy Bedbugs.—A simple and easy method of destroying this loathsome tormentor has been discovered. It consists in spreading the liquid from the ripe cucumber on the bedstead, and such other places in which they secrete themselves.

Hard Question.—The Springfield Republican says that the new stone church at Pittsfield is to be used for the worship of God alone, by a vote of the Society.—Does this cut off the use of it for the display of our bonnets and dresses and the critical examination thereof?